

THE FLY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

AMELIA BLOOMER,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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NO. 6.

VOICELESS MELODY.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy, numerous teachers
From loveliest nook.

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that
swingeth,
And tolls its perfumes on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever singeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and
column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand—
But to that fane most Catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned.

To that Cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon sup-
[der,
Its choir, the winds and waves—its organ, thun-
Its dome, the sky.

There, amid solitude and shade, I wander
Through the green aisles, and stretched upon
the sod,
Amid the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

DEATH IN THE GUTTER.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

We would they could have seen him—those who are opposers of that great law that has caused Maine to stand up a glory and an honor to the world; we wish they could have seen him lying there on the filthy pavement, to which the ruling passion, pampered into a foul, soul-destroying sin, had hurled him headlong, and left him to die in all the horrors of loneliness. Many crowded around him, but not one of the throng was he who gave him the maddening potion; wretched in smiles he stood behind the bar, mingling wines and wedding, in horrible, most unnatural union, pure water (the child of the skies) with the writhing, hissing serpent of the cup. Rings gleamed on his fingers, as he handed the glass, with his daintiest touch, to the debauched son of his near neighbor, and his white teeth glittered between his parted lips, as he responded to the praise of the "good, old burgundy;" he did not know, neither would he have cared had he known, that the poor wretch, hurried with scoffing and taunts from his den door the previous night, after the last three cents rung upon the metal in his till, had died a lingering, beastly, drunken, hopeless death, in the gutter.

It was in New Orleans, on a wet, miserable morning, when the mist was gray, and thick and heavy, and little pools oozed out from the half-

hidden paving stones; the drippings from the curb-stone drizzled all the dead man's face, and matted his tangled hair, and plastered it in long uncouth masses over his brow, so high and ghastly. The rain had poured upon his face, and into his open mouth, and washed the whiteness from his eyes that stared up into the leaden sky, bluish and expressionless; his teeth, cankered by his festering breath, were snaggy and broken; his body emaciated, his clothes dripping and clinging to his tall form; his hand clenched as if the last consciousness was an agony that tore asunder the shrinking soul from the body.

He was dragged out, with no gentle hand, and laid higher upon the sidewalk. Every lineament of his face, like sculptured monuments, told that where ruin and deformity now dwelt, manly grace and elegance had shaped the features to the highest excellence of perfection; that under that brow had lived thoughts that should have glowed into immortal forms of divine beauty, but, alas! had been betrayed and corrupted by the greatest foe to the human race.

That wretched, loathed outcast, was once a child, a light-hearted child, whose path was almost literally strewn with flowers. The mansion of a rich old merchant was his earliest home, and a mother he had, who softened every childish sorrow, and mingled with his pearls of pleasure the gems of purest affections; so, careless and happy, he grew from infancy to young manhood, but every day the wines of his old grandfather sparkled before him at table; and his mother, unthinking, would pledge her boy, to provoke witty and brilliant repartees. At college he was distinguished for his genius and ready scholarship. How quickly he bore off prize after prize—but still he drank temperately, and socially, the fine old wines he had learned to love. He did not go like a criminal, by himself, and in solitary places to indulge his taste for stimulants, secretly and unobserved; no one does that till he has served his apprenticeship to the festive pleasures of the social circle, till he has learned to quaff the liquid while bright eyes bend their glances toward him, and jeweled fingers press the glass upon his acceptance; while merry voices warble or grow musical over choice fragments of classic poetry, and student faces light up with the transient gleam of mad pleasure that feasts before it starves the soul.

No one warned him; sorrowful angels turned from his flushed cheeks and hot, reeking breath, while listening crowds made the air tremulous with their shouts of praise, as his wit broke every weapon that was measured against it. At home, in the hall of mirth, at the genteel drunken revel, upon the rostrum, through the columns of grace-concentrated thought, burning into the very heart with its intensity of genius and of passion, he was equally known and idolized. In saloons where the magic of art had outdone Eastern splendor, he was welcomed with unfeigned delight; none

so high but did him reverence; the judge looked up from his gray law-book with a smile of pleasure, and listened admiringly to his eloquent conversation; the minister leaned over the velvet cushion from his high pulpit, and felt that there was one in his audience who could appreciate his efforts, and understand his loftiest aspirations. Men of state felt honored by his notice; and beautiful ladies were proud to be seen with one who bid fair to challenge the admiration of the world.

And where was the end? The aim of this noble being was worthy a mind so great, an intellect so richly endowed—but what the end?—A death in the gutter; a few months of ragged destitution—and he who had been cradled in satins and silk laces, who had walked hand in hand with fame, and taught seers wisdom, laid down a drizzling, muttering, helpless drunkard—his fortune dissolved; his fame broken and scattered to the winds; his manliness dead within him; his beauty gone; his health a wreck; his intellect shattered; his soul—we dare pursue the subject no further.

Could every mother in the land have passed before him as his disfigured form clung to the wet ground, never again would a little child be tempted to taste of the fatal drug; but the lesson of temperance would be inculcated with the first artless prayer; and the fate of the drunkard be pictured so vividly upon the young and easily molded mind, that all time would not efface the impression; and, joined with his daily devotions, would be the earnest petition, "Grant, O Father, that I may never, never be a drunkard."

If each rum-seller could behold that lamentable sight, partly the work of his own hands, but—God have mercy upon them—they have heard of, have seen these miseries, countless times, and their hard hearts beat not with one throb of generous sympathy. They will not be convinced, though angels in whole battalions rend the heavens, and come down to implore their disistance from this horrible traffic. The virtuous soul shudders in contemplation of their crime—for crime that cannot but be, which has destroyed more lives, ruined more families, desolated more hearth stones, than famine and pestilence put together.

Death in the gutter! What a world of woe in these four words. But why recapitulate?—Why dwell on this melancholy subject? We have told our story; it is a true one; and those are now living, who, in happy school-boy days, shared in the same pleasures, studied from the same books, sat on the same seat with this poor unfortunate, so early a victim to the wine-cup and the wine-vender. Let, then, every mother remember what an awful responsibility rests upon her in the formation of the habits of her child. To the rum-seller we have nothing to say, only what the physician might remark, over the bed of a patient whose doom is sealed—there is no hope for him. [Boston Olive Branch.]

LETTER FROM MRS GAGE.

MOUNT AIRY, May 6, 1851.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—I drop my broom and duster, now right in the midst of house cleaning time, to tell you what a spirited temperance meeting we have had in our little village. The anti-license law of last spring, seemed to increase the sales of ardent spirits in McConnellsville; as I expected it would for a time; for the rum-sellers had no expectation that public opinion was so thoroughly awake upon the subject as it really was. They found to their great surprise and chagrin, that there were men bold enough to bring them before the grand jury, and men honest enough to indict them, and a judge just enough to lay on the fines. This of course raised opposition, and opposition excitement, and excitement prompted the friends of the good cause to send for John B. Gough, to come and talk to the unbelieving people; and he came.—We had a house full to overflowing to listen to his stirring eloquence, his cutting sarcasm, and his plain talk. A large number signed the pledge, and our hallelujahs of joy went up over more than one hard case who had heretofore resisted all importunity. Gough was looking unusually well, and spoke far better than when I heard him in Cleveland. He was then exhausted with labor. He is not the most logical speaker in the world, but one peculiarly calculated to move the masses and make them feel. May he be spared to labor, till not one drunkard's voice shall mar the harmony of the nation, nor one distillery of ardent spirits for common use as a beverage, send up its putrid smoke to blacken the face of the sky. I fancy I hear a hearty amen arising from millions of hearts and borne upward and onward to the throne of Jehovah, and echoed back by angels from the very court of heaven—amen.

On 'May Day' our Union Schools got up a picnic; and young and old, grave and gay, went to the wood a Maying. A stand was prepared under the tall trees of the forest, and speakers appointed to address parents and children. Mrs. Mary T. Conner, a highly talented lady of our place who is just about starting out as a lecturer on Physiology, and myself were invited to "speak in meeting." The day was very windy and chilly, and Mrs. Conner said but few words to excuse herself on account of weak lungs. But I—yes really, Mrs. Bloomer, I did talk to those four hundred children, and their fathers and mothers right there, with six ministers of different denominations, one judge, I don't know how many lawyers, doctors, merchants, mechanics and—I was going to say loafers, but I hope there were none there. I talked to them because I was invited to do so; and I was treated by them as attentively and kindly as if I had done nothing singular at all. Think you those children will grow up thinking it is wrong for a woman to speak in public?

The reason why I speak this to you is to answer with the proof the insinuation put out a few weeks since in the *Saturday Visitor*, by Mrs. M. A. Bronson, that she had been credibly informed that there were places within a hundred miles of "Mount Airy" where a woman could not lecture without being mobbed. I am known here as an earnest advocate of "Womans' Rights," yet I was called out, sustained and listened to by all classes, without a word or sign, so far as I know, of disapprobation. If there are places within a hundred miles of Mount Airy where any woman of passing respectability of character could not do the same, I have yet to learn it. We did hear some time ago of a lady's receiving a threatening letter on some such subject, but the base miscreant who penned it was so ashamed of the work that to this day we only guess who it was.

But, one mean, debased individual does not give tone to public feeling; and we thought it unkind in Mrs. Bronson to cast out such an insinuation upon our good people before the world, and only

waited for the time when we could exonerate them by their own acts.

We do not believe with Mrs. Swisshelm that 'womans rights women' are so very unpopular: nor with Mrs. Bronson that attending conventions is useless, or calculated to make women forget home cares and neighborhood duties. So far as I have had opportunities to see and know, no women are more active as a class in all that pertains to the well being of their families or society at large, than those who have moral courage and perseverance enough to go to a convention.

I do not heed such insinuations cast upon myself; for as mother Bedott says, "I'm a poor frail critter," and liable to err; but when my neighbors are attacked through me, I feel in duty bound to defend them if I can.

Is it not pitiful, the disagreement between Miss Alice Carey, and the notables of the east and west? It has made me more than sorrowful; for though I could not look through the spectacles of the Westminster Review and see "Lyra" as the best even of her poems, nor could I consider her equal in real talent to either Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Nicols, or others, still I loved her pensive spirit warblings, and cannot but grieve to see her so roughly handled for making a mistake. Surely it was a mistake, and her own good heart will correct it if we give her time. Let men quarrel about their fame, and blight the fair reputation of their neighbors with the mildew breath of envy and malice; but let woman, if she would be truly great, strive to be truly generous, noble, and just. And while I would have her strive for the summit, let it be her ambition not to stand there alone; but to gather within her warm embrace all those who like herself have toiled and struggled worthily for the goal. If Alice had not halted in her upward flight to have rolled back that stone into the pathway of her sisters, she might have been several steps higher up the proud eminence of public opinion than now. Let others take warning by her stumble, and carry themselves warily up the rugged path—never stopping, unless it be to reach out a helping hand to the weary strugglers below.

A hint in the Anti-Slavery Bugle yesterday gave me hope that Mrs. E. Oakes Smith will be with us at our Ohio Womens' Rights Convention. It would be truly a joy to us all to meet her there. And why may we not rejoice, too, in the presence of some of your good Seneca Ladies? I will pledge them, upon the part of my native State, that they will meet with a cordial welcome.

AUNT FANNY

The following letter from Mrs. E. Oakes Smith was not handed us till too late for insertion in the May number of The Lily.

LETTER FROM E. O. SMITH TO THE ROCHESTER CONVENTION.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13, 1852.

TO SUSAN B. ANTHONY:—My Dear Madam:—I regret that it is out of my power to be with you on the 20th of April, at the meeting of women to which you invite me, or even to write you any thing of interest. On the 21st I am to give a lecture in the People's Course, at Norwich, Connecticut, and from thence I go at once to Cincinnati, hoping to be in your vicinity in June, but I fear not earlier than the 2d week.

It is a new feature in the history of the race, this general correct movement of woman in behalf of our humanity,—this consciousness of her ability to do a great work for woman's good. It is no partial movement—it is not one that can be long treaded with indifference, for the cry of wrong has gone forth into the world, and women are now answering gloriously to the appeal. Men will no longer "brunt the fight" single handed, for woman has stepped forth upon the troubled sea, to rebuke its wrath, and hush it to peace. Her noble ministrations in the world is to be the antidote to its evils. Brute force and sensual indulgence will disappear before her pure

and courageous pathway, "and the banner over her shall be love."

In regard to intemperance as well as all other evils—remove the temptation to evil and it dies. Present the higher and better, and the lower and poorer are forgotten. In regard to the Temperance movement, I have taken no active part in it, though it has engaged much of my thoughts as associated with other social wrongs; and in any way, I feel that where my sex meet, for any purpose that has the interests of humanity at heart, there I should go. I trust by meeting, consultation, and action, all done upon unselfish grounds, we shall yet be able to evolve some great and beautiful truth needful to the world.

Praying that the best soul of Truth and Divine Love may be with you and our sisters in all they do. I am Dear Madam,

Very Respectfully, Yours,
E. OAKES SMITH.

For the Lily.

BATAVIA, May 25, 1852.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—Your readers will doubtless expect to hear that the Womens' New York State Temperance Society has adopted some efficient means for the revolutionizing of public sentiment on the great question of the Liquor traffic. Allow me to inform them that that Society proposes to accomplish its work through the "Foolishness of Preaching" and has already two Lecturing agents in the field, and intends as soon as practicable to largely increase the number, so that previous to the time of the next election of Town and State officers, they may thoroughly canvass our state and rouse the women of every City, Village and School district to active efforts for the suppression of the Liquor traffic. It is said that womans' influence over man is all powerful; then let us exert it for the enactment of the "Maine Liquor Law."

Miss Clark addressed the people of Batavia last evening, in a most earnest and truthful manner; and was listened to with marked attention. After the address the Secretary of the Society stated its objects and the means by which it is proposed to effect them, and called upon the friends present to co-operate with the Womens' New York State Temperance Society. Several constituted themselves members, and large numbers will, without doubt, join and form an auxiliary society, which shall have for its object the purchase of Temperance newspapers, tracts &c., for gratuitous distribution among those classes of persons who most need temperance light and truth, and are least likely to furnish themselves with it. I would like to give your readers the plan recommended for auxiliary societies, but it is now nearly mail time so I must bid them wait one month longer when we hope to be able to show them that we are at work in earnest, and in a manner that shall cause the downfall of the Liquor Traffic.

S. B. ANTHONY.

A DECIDED HIT.

Mrs. Nichols who edits the *Windham County (Vt.) Democrat*, thus draws a moral from the birds. She seldom fails of drawing just comparisons, and has, withal a deal of irony in her quiet and sympathetic composition.

THE BIRDS.

"Hark! the robins are singing and building in the maple that shades our windows. And what is it ye are singing? Those sweet, responsive notes, are they domestic ditties? Say now, my pretty robin-pair, is not thine a well assorted marriage, "a match made in heaven?" Shall we, humans, look and learn of ye our duty?—Ye build together your tiny home!—That's not the way Mrs. Robin. You should smooth your feathers and sit upon the leafy branch and sing and smile, while Mr. Robin builds; then lay your eggs and hatch the little birdies. O fie, for shame, to think of your compelling Mr. Robin to sit in

your place and speed the hatching, while you—(how could you so unsex yourself!)—are away, sitting in the sunshine and singing in public. --- But worse and worse! Mr. Robin—poor bird-pecked husband!—is actually put to nursing and feeding the young ones! Why don't Mrs. Robin attend to matters in her own sphere, and leave Mr. Robin to hunt worms and watch intruders? She should sit in the nest beside her young ones and open her mouth, like them, for Mr. Robin to drop in the bugs and berries and tender insects—indeed she should! Fie on you, Mrs. Robin, that you should let your husband stay at home and take care of the little birdies, when you ought to know the peculiarities of sex indicate that it is *your* business, and the masculine pursuit of flying belongs to the Mr. Birds. To be sure, God has given you wings, and an appetite and a bill for picking up your living in the fields; but then you are a mother bird and should not use these gifts—it is a shame and a scandal to your sex!

"Mr. Robin thinks it is right," and you are "perfectly agreed in your domestic arrangements"—eh? Well we shall see. The State of Vermont is turning its attention to bird-dom. It has already commenced legislating for the rights of birds to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The terms of the conjugal relation are very carefully established by human legislators; so Mrs. Robin, you may as well stick to your nest, for the bugs and worms and small bits and the straws and the mud belong, legally, to Mr. Robin, and he is bound in duty to feed you till he dies or flies away. Now sing and dress your feathers and let him hunt worms;—it's dirty, masculine business; and sitting in the trees is so nice and lady-like!—and you will be an honor to your sex!"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

MASSILLON, Ohio, May 27, 1852.

The Woman's Rights Convention assembled yesterday. Mrs. Emily Robinson, of Marlborough, was chosen President, *pro tem*, and Mrs. Frohock, of Wellsville, Secretary.

The committee appointed for the purpose, reported the following permanent officers:

President—FRANCES D. GAGE.

Vice Presidents—Mesdames Little, Severance, Irish, and Johnson.

Secretaries—Mrs. Frohock and Stanton, and Mr. B. S. Jones.

Mrs. Gage, on taking the Chair, delivered a beautiful address, which elicited marked attention.

The Committee appointed reported a series of resolutions, the discussion on which occupied the whole day.

Second Day.

The resolutions were further discussed to day and adopted. Several able speeches were made by Mrs. Severance, of Cleveland; Mrs. Frohock; Mrs. Griffin, of Litchfield; Mrs. Irish, of New Lisbon.

The report of a select Committee on the State of the Society was under discussion till 5 o'clock.

It is supposed the Convention will adjourn to-night.

The proceedings throughout, have been highly dignified and ably conducted. The Convention is largely attended.

JAMES, THE BARBER,

Has just had a room neatly fitted up for ladies,—where he will cut off the hair, and shampoo the head for the small sum of one shilling. It would delight all physiologists and lovers of comfort, to see the heaps of beautiful curls and rich braids that have fallen beneath James' magic touch, from the over heated aching heads of about one dozen of our fair ones. If all the women could know the luxury of short hair, there would soon be a general leave taking of hair-pins, combs, braids and knots.

E. C. S.

For the Lily.

MAINE AHEAD ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—With deep anxiety I watch the progress of those sentiments, in your State, which procured the passage of the famous liquor law in Maine. Being a native and, until the past year, a resident of the latter State, I may be pardoned a little extra solicitude. Faint not in your soul-ennobling efforts to assist in procuring the passage of a similar law in the Empire State; for I assure you it was not obtained in Maine without a long, persevering, unyielding struggle. Every step was contested with the most violent opposition. Not only did women avail themselves of the gift of speech, (which has ever been a sad annoyance to our conservative brothers) but they wielded their pens, which became most powerful "proxy voters," and though disfranchised, thousands of drunkards' votes failed to counteract their influence. After years of stern, determined action, in concert with their fathers, brothers and husbands, they now reap the reward of untiring energy; and witness the happy results resulting from the combined force of moral and legal suasion; which is the only power that will ever effectually rid our country of the withering curse of intemperance.

Probably no State in the Union has suffered so severely as Maine, by this abominable traffic.—Not being a producer of the poison, its supply was a constant drain of their hard-earned specie; and the wasted time of the miserable consumers was a double loss in that rigorous climate, and proved a most disastrous retrenchment of their limited resources.

But, if I rightly understand your present demands, you lack, as yet, many preliminary steps. Years ago, in Maine, the alarming increase of pauperism, owing to the wretched intemperance of thousands of fathers, whose legal authority permitted them to rob their wives of all their property and wages, and spend their last item for beastly gratification; awoke in our legislators the following humane inquiries. Has woman no rights? Is she the natural slave of man? Is it just to subject her, innocent of crime, to equal degradation with her sotted husband; and compel her to see even the stinted compensation of her labor legally forced from her by the inhuman father; and her helpless little ones left to utter destitution? Whether prompted by a sense of justice or mere interest, I know not; either would have dictated their decision, "That the mother being left the sole guardian of the family, should be legally protected, in the discharge of that office, from the unjust prerogatives of the father."—Those rights were legalized forthwith. Her property and wages were secured to her; and in case the husband was proved to be a drunken spendthrift, upon her complaint to the civil authorities, he was placed under guardianship; and if unreclaimed for three years, she was entitled to a divorce; and any property squandered by him for drink could be recovered for the benefit of her family, upon the claim that no equivalent had been received. I need not assure you that our legislators had mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, belonging to the great family of man, whose rights were acknowledged and honorably defended; and had any poisonous GALE attempted to have blown away their right of petition, he would have been most deservedly hissed from their presence.

I most heartily endorse the sentiments contained in your fifth resolution. Hand him round, ladies. Let him have the fame of an Arnold, in all his glory. And as that despicable traitor to his country, blushed at the sight of a countryman; so may the traitor to the rights of our sex, blush at the sight of a woman.

The noble example you have given us in your late Convention, is carefully noted by your more western sisters. A deep and time-enduring impulse has been given to the great question of equal right, interest and responsibility. The day

has gone by, when woman can gain a martyr's crown by silent submission to the demands of a drunken tyrant; or be held irresponsible for the neglect of asserting her claim to guard the welfare of her family. No longer will the influence of such examples, portrayed with the most glowing eloquence from pulpit or forum, absolve her from her maternal duties, or sanctify her self-degrading inaction.

God speed the birth of Liberty and Justice, whose stifled wailings warn us that they are still struggling for the breath of life, whereby they may become LIVING SOULS.

Yours truly, JANE FROHOCK.

Wellsville, Ohio, May, 1852.

For the Lily.

MISS ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

MRS. BLOOMER:—A few weeks since I called on this sister in Christ, at her father's residence in Henrietta, Monroe, Co. Her soul appears to be fully enlisted for the truth. She has been educated at Oberlin, Ohio. She feels it her duty to preach the Gospel; Who of us will dare to assume the responsibility of placing obstacles in her path? Shall we not rather grant her facilities? "Whoso hath my word, let him speak my word." The pronoun "him," is not here restricted to the male sex—it relates to human beings.

Sennett, May 20, 1852.

J. R. J.

We have heard of Miss Brown, and although we know little of her particular religious views, we sympathise with her in the trials she has to encounter. She studied theology at Oberlin, and graduated with honor, preparatory to devoting herself to the ministry; but those having authority refuse to ordain her, and she is thus prevented from carrying out her cherished hopes and ardent desires. The ground of objection, we believe is, that St. Paul told women to keep silence in the churches. But this, to us, is a very weak excuse. So long as women are allowed to read, pray, and praise audibly, we see not why they may not also teach and exhort, if they are qualified for that office. If St. Paul's words meant just what they say, applied to *all* women, and are binding on us, then women have no right to let their voices be heard at all in church. But the clergy cannot believe this; for it is but a little while since our pastor urged his congregation to join audibly in the responses of the church service, and said nothing about women keeping silence. We believe women have the same right to preach as men; and an equal right to a voice in all that pertains to the church, if they are members of the church. And in this we mean no disrespect to the great Apostle, nor would we call in question the propriety of his injunction. But we consider that as only applying to the unlearned women of his own time, and not to the highly educated and spiritually minded Christian of our day.

We hope in the good time coming such a woman will not be forbidden to labor for the salvation of souls, while men of questionable piety and morals, are permitted to enter the sacred desk.

"WOMEN'S RIGHTS."—At the election for Vestrymen in St. Michael's Church, Trenton, and Trinity Church, Princeton, N. J., women were allowed to vote. In both parishes they were victorious, and in the former, where the election was closely contested, they were almost "to a man" arrayed against the male members of the parish, and out-voted them two to one.—An effort was made in Elizabethtown to introduce ladies as voters, but it failed. [N. Y. Express.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—NO 3.

Like most other task-masters, whether of a nation, a slave-plantation, or the family domicile, the Review looks upon its impositions as free from injustice and tyranny; graduated so as to bear only in proportion to the power of sustaining and enduring, on the weak and helpless and on the strong and powerful. In its self-complacent and patronizing mood of domestic empire, its impartial feelings of justice exhibit themselves in language as follows: "Where society bears hardly in its laws, or want of laws, upon helpless woman, let the old laws be changed, or the new law be made." This obviously implies, that it regards the present system, so far as woman's rights are concerned, as in the main at least free from exceptions. In order, then, to measure the heights of its goodness and sound the depths of its benevolence; to ascertain what standard it has adopted by which it would measure out exact justice and democratic equality to what it calls "the finer sex," we have only to examine the municipal polity as it now exists. It is not my purpose, nor consistent with the space allotted to me, to do so at large, or in detail. It will be sufficient to point to a few instances, as examples of the discriminating character which pervades the whole.

By marriage, woman loses her legal existence; her power to be, or not to be; to do, or not to do; more hopelessly than the convict for life to the penitentiary, in that she is beyond the reach of the pardoning clemency of the government.—And this legal death has no sorrows the less, nor is it less like the victory of the grave, that it is one of the selfish results of legislation and jurisprudence in resolving into practice the injunction, "they twain shall be one flesh." Nor is it changed by denominating it a civil contract; for then it is the most absurd of solecisms, a contract with only one contracting party, and only one party capable of contracting.

As an equivalent for the deprivation of these absolute rights, daily food and clothing are enjoined; shelter from the cold and the storm; protection from personal abuse, when by the indulgence of her keeper she walks the streets; freedom from the cares of state, its profits and honors, and the personal duties incident to the administration of government. All these favors are common to the slave.

Found guilty of certain derelictions, her husband may turn her out, a wanderer and a pauper, though his purse may be filled with the proceeds of her inheritance, or the results of her prudence and industry. In many Christian States a like dereliction on his part cannot be punished by divorce, nor is it recognized in law as in any respect criminal. And where a dissolution of marriage follows such an antecedent, he is left in the castle, and she is ejected; he is still the lord of the manor, and she is equally a houseless wanderer, with only this difference, he has to pay her a small annual stipend, as though to prolong her wanderings in mockery of her political imbecility, by furnishing her the means of simply prolonging her existence.

The question arises, which is guilty? and the acting parties, judges and jurors, counsel and bailiffs, are necessarily from the aristocracy of sex; and if once in a score of times the decision favors the wife, it becomes the marvel of self-disinterested justice; of peculiar masculine generosity; and as they alone keep the books, the nineteen times of the other side are never posted up.

The husband acquires an absolute right to the personal property of the wife, and the use and control of her real estate. She not only loses her own, but acquires no right in his, except, perhaps, a contingent right of dower, of which she can avail herself only on his decease. Even the much vaunted claim which she has to sustenance, is not a lien upon his property, but simply a personal obligation, which, if not voluntarily fulfilled, is beyond enforcement, or if that be possible, it

approximates death itself in the desolation with which it marks her remaining hopes of peace and comfort. Such is not merely an extreme case, resulting from the illegalized brutality of some vagabond wretch, but has its parallels sanctioned, if not approved, by modern and enlightened jurisprudence.

In one of the middle counties of the Empire State, within the last four years, a wife was expelled from her house and premises, by her inebriate husband; forbidden to return, and provision for her future support refused. The premises, with other real estate to a large extent, she had derived by inheritance from her father, and with her husband had occupied for more than twenty years. After her expulsion, supposing that she might have some right to her own property, she applied to the Supreme Court for redress, and was there met by her husband, not with a denial of any of the facts, but with the assumption that she had no right to the use of her property, as that by marriage was vested in him. The Court sustained his defense, and pronounced the Act of the Legislature for the protection of the property of married women, to be the usurpation of "powers not entrusted to it by the sovereign power;" "that the security of the citizen against such arbitrary legislation rests upon the broader and more solid ground of natural rights." The Judge who pronounced this opinion, for some reason or other, seems to have felt a little nervous, for like a boy in the dark, whistling to keep his courage up, he says, "we are called upon to declare an important Statute of the State unconstitutional and void; a Statute deeply affecting the most important and delicate of the marital rights; a Statute, it is said, passed to repeal the common law and substitute the civil in its stead; a law called for, it is alleged, by the popular voice of the State, and demanded by the onward progress of society. In a case like this, the Court can never find a motive to transcend its duty, and I trust it will always be found to possess independence enough to do that." To do what? its duty, or to transcend its duty?

By arrangement of the municipal polity also, death in its divorcement is made to produce very different results, when it takes the husband, from what follows the final exit of the wife. In the latter event, the same roof continues to shelter, and the same resources sustain, whether the property be real or personal. Death is there but an incident, and not the finale of the family existence. Not so in the former. Then a household the less ceases to exist. For more desolating than the scythe of death and time, less respectful to the family compact and the family altar, the law dissipates and obliterates all that is left of the living, as though a kind of heathen rite compelled the sacrifice, in honor and deification of masculine supremacy. It is true, the widow is not here, as in some heathen countries, immolated upon the funeral pyre of her husband, in memento of his comparative importance and her relative insignificance; but after forty days of quarantine in the family mansion, may be expelled, houseless and homeless, to wander up and down upon the face of the earth, to no other end and for no other conceivable reason or purpose, than as the perpetuating token of the same relentless distinction.

The following out the contract further and in its details, will exhibit the above not as the only instances, or as isolated examples, but the ordinary and legitimate results of the discriminating principle which pervades every part of our municipal system. It is what makes woman in the social compact, helpless, but according to the political and religious creed of the Review, furnishes her with no cause of complaint; for unconditional dependence upon, and never ceasing subordination to, the other sex, are its *ultima thule* of woman's expectations; its "real Heaven vested rights so carefully walled around, that man can make no changes without an infraction of gospel decrees." In proof of its position, and in the impeachment of woman's character, it says, "The

whole demeanor of Christ towards woman is one of tender respect, regard and confidence, both in language and act." In the trial of relative rights, the woman will not probably object to the introduction of such impeaching evidence; and if the Review chooses to put its case before the world, on the point that the particular respect and confidence of Christ, while upon his earthly mission, prove her inferiority, there will be no issue of fact to be tried, and probably no argument deemed necessary on the female side of the question.

Again, it says, "He" (Christ) "settles the rights of women, not by giving them the awful license of divorce and re-marriage, but by forbidding the husband to put away his wife, except for unfaithfulness; and then making it criminal for any other man to marry her." This necessarily implies that the right of divorce against her husband has been improperly granted to woman, and in the language of the Ecclesiastic of the Review, is "an infraction of gospel decrees;" or, in the style of the civilian from whose judicial opinion we have quoted, "an usurpation of powers not entrusted by the sovereign power;" an encroachment upon "the broad and more solid ground of man's natural rights." But how this restriction upon the husband settled all the general rights of woman, is a point upon which the Review has not enlightened us. The very conception of such an idea and its announcement, ought to dispense with any further evidence and even with any further professions on the part of this *soi disant* "Young America," that it is really serious in its indiscriminating professions of disregard of all the antecedents of the schools, religious and moral, political and logical, and of every body who is so excessively foggy and old-fashioned as to remember that he ever had a father, or that his mother was a woman. In the matter referred to, Christ did not prescribe the law, but only gave a construction to a law then a long time in existence. All the settlement of woman's rights which that law could make, was, that she had the right of having her husband divorce her whenever it suited his caprices, without the aid or interposition of any judicial or other power, and without any voice or hearing on her part. As society has long since stripped him of such authority, it has, therefore, leveled up the woman by taking "her out of the established order of God's arrangement." That is not all the damage done; the world is making so much "noise and confusion" about woman's rights and Bloomer dresses, that it has scared and waked up this "Young America," before it was two months in its nurse's arms, and it now threatens to kick the world upside down, especially the Bloomer portion, unless "the noise and confusion" is stopped, and long skirts and woman's subordination unanimously agreed upon as the finality.

SENEX.

Written for the Lily.

MY BOUQUET.

Well, summer, though it has come along lazily, has at length opened, and the leafy month of June, the season of flowers, is here; and man, rejoicing in nature's promises of fullness, feels his pulse quicken and his heart expanding with generous emotions towards his fellow creatures.—And bountiful has been the overflowing of two great souls towards me. I am ashamed to say that I take a sort of malicious pleasure in telling all my lady friends what I know will provoke their envy to the last degree. Think of it, two of our distinguished gentlemen citizens have presented me with a magnificent bouquet, worth at least \$10,000! The ladies, with downright vexation will, I know, exclaim and wonder why I should have been selected from all the rest of our circle, as the only one worthy of so splendid and expensive a gift. But while I, with gratified pride, enjoy my proud distinction, and fully appreciate the *delicate* compliment intended, I must insist upon the ladies going to said gentlemen to vent all their jealous spleen, and not annoy me with any of their deprecatory remarks, or unrea-

THE LILY.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., JUNE, 1852.

OUR NEW SOCIETY.

A joyful response to the sentiments put forth at the Rochester meeting comes up to us from all quarters of our State. The doings of that meeting have aroused to new energy the dormant feelings of woman on the subject of temperance, and awakened in the her heart new hopes and new desires. Those who have hitherto been earnest laborers in this cause have become deeply sensible that their efforts were of necessity weak and limited—that they were powerless to effect any permanent good. They have seen that in spite of the strongest barrier they could raise, the poisonous stream has rushed madly on, corrupting and blasting and bearing onward to destruction countless numbers of men—and these in their downward course dragging with them many of the purest and best of women, to hopeless misery and despair. They have seen that their political rights are withheld, and they denied the privilege of giving expression to their wishes in the only sure way where they could be of real service to the cause. They have witnessed with pain and indignation the course pursued by temperance men, and the manner in which they have frustrated and rendered worthless all the good woman might hope to accomplish within the narrow tread-mill round prescribed her. With so much to contend against, they have become weary in laboring to undo the wrong which men continue to inflict upon society, and feeling that under the present state of things they were laboring in vain, they were fast sinking into listlessness and despondency. But a new chord has been touched, and new feelings awakened.—A link in the chain which bound woman to a narrow sphere of action is broken, and she is encouraged to make a bolder stroke and take a firmer stand than she ever before dared dream of, for her own freedom and that of her race.

The joyful notes that are echoed forth from one extremity of our State to the other, tell truly of the dissatisfaction existing among women at their present false position, and of their readiness to hear and embrace the truth, when presented in plainness and simplicity. How far the new society will realize their hopes, we cannot now say. Time is necessary to perfect the work we have begun. So long as political action is denied us, the most we can hope for is to create a public sentiment which shall gradually root out intemperance and remedy its attendant evils.—Woman must reform herself—must learn to respect herself, and in the dignity of a true womanhood stand upright, and assert and maintain her right to life, liberty, and happiness. Until she do this she cannot hope to accomplish much good in the world, or receive from men the consideration and respect she so much covets. So fast as woman becomes intelligent and enlightened, and fully discharges all the duties of mother, wife and sister, so fast will intemperance, licentiousness, profanity, and kindred vices fade away from society.

The Executive Committee of the Woman's State Temperance Society have appointed Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, and Emily Clark, of Le Roy, its agents, with full power and authority to organize auxiliary societies, collect monies, issue certificates of membership, and do all things which they may judge necessary and expedient to promote the purposes for which the society has been organized and established. We commend them to the kind regard, sympathy, and support of the friends of temperance, believing them worthy of their entire confidence, and earnestly hoping that their labors may, through the prompt and generous aid of the people, and the blessing of God, result in great and permanent benefit to our sex and to humanity.

ENFORCING THE LAW.

The work of prosecuting rum-sellers is being carried on to considerable extent in our village. Several have recently been tried and found guilty, and fines imposed. The Reformed Brotherhood are instrumental in this work, and they should be encouraged and sustained in it by every good citizen. It should be matter of shame to our citizens that they have so long allowed the traffic to continue. Again and again have men by their votes forbidden the sale of intoxicating drinks in our midst. Year after year, for ten or twelve years, have they refused to legalize the moral-corrupting and death-dealing traffic; and yet in the face of all this—in defiance of public sentiment and law, the business has gone on in all its terrible power, and almost as openly as though it were sustained by legal sanction. And men have witnessed all this, and looked coolly on. Those who strained every nerve to prevent the dealer from obtaining a license, have witnessed his defiance of their laws with folded arms and silent tongue. After declaring that he shall not prey upon the morals of community, and lure our youth to certain destruction, they have seen him openly doing both and yet have scarce raised a murmur of disapprobation. Strange, when it would be so easy, with combined effort and concert of action, to overthrow this business, that it has been so long suffered, for want of a little energy, to trample upon and bid defiance to the will of the people; and the violators of law treated with that forbearance and courtesy which should only be extended to honest and worthy citizens. There is a mystery in the action of men in this matter, beyond the ken of a simple woman to penetrate.

But, thanks to the Brotherhood, the work of prosecution has again begun. May they not weary in the good work, but continue to search out and bring the culprits to punishment, till they shall convince them that it will be more profitable to pursue an honest business and become law-abiding citizens, than to continue their immoral, inhuman traffic, and then yield up their dishonest gains to satisfy the demands of justice.

"PERSEVERANCE."—An article thus entitled, written by some friend in Taberg, was selected for publication last month, but in some unaccountable manner it slipped away from us on our way to the printing office, and we have not been able to recover it. Will the writer try again?

sonable criticisms on the rare beauty or exquisite perfume of my costly gift. Some few have already been to take a peep, and they, I am sorry to say, had the ill-manners to turn up their noses; but a nose, you know, is a stubborn member, and in jealous, envious persons, will naturally turn up at every thing that they themselves cannot attain. So, gentlemen, never fear that a few upturned noses will make your offering less precious in my eyes. Ah! no, unlike the common herd, it is my constant struggle to go beyond the mere mists and fogs of the outward, and judge of all things by the pure spirit that flows from within.

But for the benefit of those of your readers, dear Lily, who can never have the pleasure of seeing this precious gift, beholding its brilliant combinations, or inhaling its powerful and mysterious odors, I must attempt to give them some idea of its character, magnitude and unsurpassed pungency, though be it known to you, dear readers, this bouquet is not mine to see or touch, but merely to smell; in fact, it is not to be seen, though possessing most positive qualities. It is a thing of air, though non-elastic and impermeable. Its odor has the capacity of infusing itself into miles of atmosphere, and completely triumphing over all lesser odors that may fall in its way—musk even, or *skunk*, that king of odors, are alike its victims; and though thus universal in its expansiveness, yet will it domesticate itself in any nook or corner of the house, in the garret, cellar, or the most humble closet. Now need I spend no money in perfumes or flowers, for this unfailling source of sweetness is promised me as long as I choose to accept the boon. This bouquet is a thing of life, too. It has a locomotive, self-consuming, self-sustaining, self-generating power of its own. Night and day, heat and cold, times and seasons are alike to it; and although I said it was perceptible to but one of the five senses, in the distance, yet like all earth-born things, it has its source, its root, its cause. Though we cannot see it in our shady retreat, yet by taking a short walk down the hill to the river's side, one may behold this great reservoir of odors; this lordly engine of power; this school of morals, where gross matter becomes highly spiritualized; this great scientific laboratory, where are represented alike the mineral, animal and vegetable kingdoms; this asylum for the oppressed, where that hapless tribe of quadrupeds, so often mentioned in the pages of sacred history—labeled by the Jews, denounced as unclean by their great leader, the spirit of devils, driven by hundreds down steep precipices into the sea—may now find perfect peace and repose. Societies were formed in England many years ago, to prevent cruelty to horses and dogs; but here asylums are actually opened to a class of animals of inferior caste, of most unclean habits, and uncouth manners and appearance, where they are fed and housed, and where a life of ease and elegant leisure is secured to them, free of all expense to themselves. Who can fathom the depth and extent of that benevolence which in its boundless love goes beyond the sufferings of its own kind, beyond even the abuses of animals of higher intelligence and greater attractions, and stooping to the most disgusting and degraded victims of prejudice and hate, devotes itself to the comfort, elevation and development, of the long despised, outraged family of *swine*? This large and increasing class of philanthropists, called *distillers*, should not go down to posterity without their meed of praise. If future history does them justice, their names will be handed down on its pages, associated with that of the domestic animal which they have so generously befriended.

Thanks, gentlemen, for your magnificent gift. I accept it as a sort of retaining fee; and as long as the leaves of our native LILY are open to me, my peans in your behalf shall be long and loud.

E. C. S.

Good words cost nothing, but are worth much.

THE ROCHESTER MEETING—IN-FIDELITY.

The Troy Journal reads a lecture of over a column and a half in condemnation of the proceedings of the Woman's Temperance Convention. He talks of the sticking out of "long ears," "vanity," "cloven foot," and so on, and is terribly alarmed at the idea of a virtuous woman severing the tie which binds her to a confirmed drunkard. He speaks of such a union of virtue and vice as a "divine institution, sacred in the eye of the Divine Author." We have neither time or space to speak on this subject as we would like, but must assert our dis-belief in the divine appointment of an institution which unites in indissoluble bonds, purity and impurity, virtue and vice, a gentle innocent being, with a criminal drunken fiend. Such unions are formed, but they are not "matches made in heaven," and must be an abomination in the sight of the Divine Author of the marriage institution.

The Journal next proceeds to condemn Mrs. Stanton for telling women to direct their efforts and money to the education of their own sex, instead of toiling to educate men; to devote themselves to the poor and suffering about them—feed the hungry, clothe the naked, gather children into good schools, provide decent homes, and reading rooms, for young men and women thrown alone upon the world, instead of building gorgeous temples, and sending money to the heathen, while we have worse heathens at our own doors. He calls this reviling Christianity, and holds up his hands in holy horror to warn simple women of the danger of "becoming entangled in the mazes of temperance infidelity." "All this must appear strange, and a little inconsistent, to his readers, after reading "the leader" which precedes it. In that he labors to show that neither ministers of the gospel, or their hearers, believe what they preach; and says:—

"No candid, truth-loving stranger to the amazing paradoxes of human life, could form any other conclusion upon observing the discrepancy between profession and practice—between the lives of professing Christians and the precepts of the Gospel which they own as the rule of their conduct."

How then can he blame Mrs. Stanton for not believing what he says no candid, truth loving person can believe?

Again,

"Most persons doubtless have a kind of speculative belief, but it is inoperative, and little better than dead. Does not every man, in the church as well as out of it, plan and pursue his course of life just as if he fully believed himself the sole architect of his own fortune, worthy of applause if he rises above others in wealth and worldly honors, and meriting reproach if he fails? Who lives as if he practically believed that God had any hand in his good or ill success in business, any hand in fixing his social position or directing his path in life? And who thinks of looking to the providence of God, and not to his own purse, to supply his daily wants? Should a man, like the primitive Christians, bestow all his property upon the Church and undertake to live according to the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, taking no thought what he should eat, or wherewithal be clothed,—would he not be pronounced, even by a Jury of church members, beside himself and a fit subject for a lunatic asylum? In short do not the best, most serious and devout Christians among us, read the Bible, go to church, and say their prayers as a mere form or ceremony, decent and becoming indeed, but not expected to have much practical influence

on their life or conduct? No wonder young Channing felt that he had been trifled with and imposed upon—that preaching and hearing were mere idle forms—the bended knee and uplifted eye, hollow mockeries—the promises and threatenings of religion, empty words, startling to the ear, but having no lodgement in the heart."

Who among all the 'infidel' women assembled at Rochester dared talk thus plainly, and hold up the church in so odious a light to the world?—Who can read this tirade against the church and not see in it quite as much infidelity as was embodied in either the speeches or resolutions of the Rochester convention? If the churches are really so corrupt, then is there great reason to withdraw from them, and withhold our mite from their support.

We only have here another evidence that man thinks it his sole right to build up and pull down, to preach christianity or infidelity, to practice vice or virtue, and to prescribe laws and customs. It is well that he has placed the two articles in connection, though it comes in with rather bad grace to condemn Mrs. Stanton for her opinions of the church, when he has just been laboring so hard to show that she is right in her conclusions. Judging from his remarks, and what we know of her views in the matter, they stand on about the same ground.

It is evident that the Journal has a deeper and far different cause of dissatisfaction than appears at first glance. His piety, and sanctimonious whinings are only assumed to cover up his malicious feelings toward those women who have dared to proclaim the principles of truth, liberty, and equality to their sex, and take an independent public stand for the right. Had men held such a meeting, proclaimed as great truths, and pointed out as efficient remedies for existing evils, and all passed off as quietly, harmoniously and triumphantly as did the women's meeting, we should have heard none of this pious cant; neither would it have been treated with contemptuous silence.

But what right have women to call a meeting and do the talking themselves? What right have they to express an opinion, or call in question the doings of men? Ah, here lies the secret—here is where the shoe pinches—here the "cloven foot" of man's supremacy discloses itself! But such warnings and notes of alarm will avail nothing to frighten women, or restrain them within the old limits.

A spirit of enquiry is abroad, and woman is learning to investigate and form conclusions for herself. There are many like him of the Troy Journal who would gladly keep her in ignorance and dependence. But it will not do. Where all else is progressing, woman cannot be kept behind; and if man will not lend a helping hand to speed her onward, she will go without his aid; relying on her own strength, and that of Him who has endowed her with intelligence and capacity sufficient to guide her steps, and carve out her own life path.

Wonder if the Troy Journal is a teetotaler, and in favor of the Maine Liquor Law?

The Grant County News thus describes the kind of settlers they want in Wisconsin:—"We want men, who will fear God and read the news; rear up industrious families and cultivate our beautiful prairies."

DRESS.

A friend writing us from a distance asks, "Do you intend to wear the short dress if it does not become fashionable?" and adds, "I like the dress very much; the longer I wear it the more I am attached to it. I would not like to change for the long dress, but still I do not like to be alone."

We have, at present, no idea of giving up the short dress—fashion or no fashion. What we may do at some future day, we of course cannot now say; yet we can fix in our mind no period when we shall be willing to return to long skirts. We did not adopt the short dress because we supposed it was going to be fashionable, or because we wished to be the leader of a fashion; neither shall we abandon it because it is unfashionable, or because others do not choose to avail themselves of its advantages. It cannot be more unfashionable in future than at present; and after braving the prejudices of the fashionables, and establishing our right to dress according to our own taste and needs, and being left in the quiet enjoyment of this right, we feel no inducement—see no necessity for a change. We wear none but the short dress, on any occasion, at home or abroad; and though we hear of ladies in other places meeting with insult and abuse when so dressed, our experience thus far has been different. We have never, except in one or two cases, had reason to complain of disrespectful treatment. Our old friends, with one or two exceptions, are our friends still, and we have gained many new ones. The shortening of our skirts a few inches did not so detract from our former merits, as to render us, in the estimation of those who knew us, unworthy of the same kind regard hitherto shown us. We go freely abroad to neighboring cities and villages; and although our appearance attracts some curiosity, yet we meet with nothing more unpleasant or annoying than the curious gaze of the passer-by—which by the way we manage never to see: on the contrary we are treated by strangers with uniform respect. We think there is little to be feared or dreaded now, by a modest and dignified woman, in wearing the short dress in public. Self-respect and dignity of manner will command respect in whatever garb it may appear.

We wish not to influence any one to follow us in the matter of dress. Others must be guided by their own desires and convictions. We dislike the idea of every woman fashioning her dress in all its minutiae just after the style of some other woman's dress. It is too much like tyranny. We "go for the largest liberty," and would like to see every woman adopt such a style of dress as is best adapted to her own wants, and in accordance with her own taste, regardless of the cut of her neighbor's dress, or the remarks which "THEY SAY" may pass upon her conduct. This state of things once brought about, we should indeed be a free people. Freed from the petty tyranny which now rules us with a rod of iron, we should become strong and vigorous in body and mind, and independent and courageous in thought and action, instead of the imbecile, cowardly creatures we now are—imitators of Paris fashions, be they ever so destructive of health and regardless of modesty—dependants on the

will and pleasure of others, no matter how much their opinions may conflict with our own happiness and well-being.

We publish on our last page some extracts from Mrs. E. Oakes Smith's new work on Dress, and only regret that we cannot copy the whole of it. It is a valuable production, and we commend it to the attention of our readers—especially those of them who have adopted the short dress; also those whose modesty is so shocked and their feelings so outraged by this terrible innovation.

GERRIT SMITH heartily endorses the sentiments and approves of the action of the Women's State Temperance Convention, and has made himself a life member of our new society by the payment of ten dollars. Pliny Sexton, of Palmyra, has also constituted himself a life member of the Society. Quite a large number, of both men and women, have become annual members. It will be remembered that although we admit men to membership on the payment of fifty cents, and allow them to vote at our business meetings, yet for once we have got the start of them and retain the purse in our own hands. They struggled hard at the formation of the Society, to get into office, but we thought best not to trust them at present, feeling that we should better know the depths of the purse, and for what purpose its strings were loosed, if kept under our own eyes, subject alone to the control of an Executive committee composed of women. We have long been in the habit of giving men the sole right to control and dispose of all funds given for the furtherance of the temperance cause, and for other benevolent purposes, without requiring of them an account of the manner in which they have been expended. We hope men will be as willing to entrust money to us, and place the same confidence in our ability to put it to good use.

How many of the men and women of Seneca are ready to aid the new Society by becoming members? How many will encourage us with their names and 'material aid' to prosecute the work we have planned? We shall be willing to take down the names of a few scores, and will secure a purse large enough to hold the ten dollars and half dollars.

The Minden Herald, in reply to the question what are woman's rights, says:—"They are to love her, 'lord' with all her heart, and the 'baby' as herself—and bake good bread."

Will the Minden Herald please tell us what are man's rights? We suppose according to the general sentiment on the subject the answer would be, "To love himself supremely, and his wife and baby as his horse and dog—as servant and plaything,—to lounge around the corners of streets and 'holes in the wall,' discuss great questions, smoke cigars, eat oysters and drink beer and brandy, then go home to 'lord' it over the helpless creature who has by his false pretenses and fair promises been induced to place herself within his power."

We receive many letters which in courtesy we should answer: but our time is so engrossed by other duties that we have not leisure to attend to all the demands made upon us.—Our friends must pardon our seeming neglect of their favors.

Our opposition to "the new costume" appears to have won us Mrs. Bloomer's undying enmity, and rendered her paper head quarters for all whom we offend.

Not so, Mrs. Swisshelm. There is not that person in the world towards whom we bear an "undying enmity;" and we hope we have too much sense to quarrel with any one on so slight ground as a mere difference of opinion on what is the proper length of a petticoat. We cared nothing about your opposition to the "new costume;" but when you made our adopting such dress cause for a personal attack upon us—misrepresenting our dress, calling in question our motives, and our modesty, and attributing to us things of which we had never dreamed, we felt justified in putting in a defense. We felt that your strictures were uncalled for, ungenerous, untruthful, and made in an unkind and bitter spirit. At this we felt hurt; but our feelings partook more of sorrow than anger. It is all over now; and we bear no ill will towards any who assailed us during the exciting agitation of the dress question last summer.

If Mrs. Swisshelm chooses to offend her friends and drive them from her for no cause, that is no reason why, so long as they are our friends we should refuse to receive them—especially when we also have been driven out from her favor and friendship. Our columns are as open to Mrs. Swisshelm as to those whom she has offended, and we should give her as cordial a welcome to our circle—provided she would agree not to quarrel with our friends, and break up the harmony which now pervades it.

MRS. STANTON'S bearing at this Convention was dogmatic and egotistic in the extreme. And she is described by an eye-witness, as resembling a man in her dress, "having on boots like a man, pants like a man, dickey like a man, and vest like a man, &c. Ex.

We, as an 'eye-witness,' must spoil this precious story which is traveling the rounds of the papers, to the delight of gossiping editors and their readers. Mrs. Stanton's bearing at the Convention was modest, dignified and unpretending. She was habited in a rich black satin dress—a plain waist after the prevailing style of ladies' dresses, full skirt falling six or eight inches below the knee, plain wide trousers of the same material, and black 'Congress' gaiters. On her neck a fine linen cambric collar, fastened with a gold pin, and cuffs of the same material about her wrists.

Neither her "boots," "pants," or "dickey" were "like a man," and she wore no vest—not having adopted, as yet, that latest Parisian style for ladies. Her hair is cut short, but in that she is not singular at home—many of our ladies of the first respectability, both married and unmarried, having taken a notion to enjoy the luxury of short hair. And this is not confined to the wearers of the short dress, as some may suppose,—the majority of those thus shorn still adhering to the dragging skirts.

In another column will be found a brief report of the Ohio Woman's Right Convention.

SENEX shows up some of the beauties of the law this month.

STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The Fifth Annual Meeting (since its re-organization) of the New York State Temperance Society, will be held at Syracuse, on Thursday, the 17th of June, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to continue through that and the following day. The evenings of those days will be devoted to public addresses. Eminent advocates of the cause will be secured as speakers for the occasion.

The members of the Society generally are urged to attend; and Temperance Associations of every name are invited to send delegates.—The crisis demands not only that our meeting should be a large one, but that it be composed of those who are wise in counsel, and efficient in action, that this Annual Gathering of the State Society may be the commencement of a Temperance campaign, which shall ultimate in placing the Empire State on the same broad Platform of Legal Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic that is now occupied by Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Minnesota.

All newspapers throughout the State, and especially the Temperance and Religious Press, are respectfully requested to publish this Notice at least once before the Annual Meeting.

HERMON CAMP, President,

C. A. WHEATON, Chairman Ex. Com.

WM. H. BURLEIGH, Cor. Sec.

In compliance with the invitation contained in the above notice, the Woman's State Society has appointed Susan B. Anthony, Gerrit Smith, and ourself, delegates to the annual meeting of the State Society. We hope the "Unions," and all other women's societies throughout the State, will send delegates to this meeting, and that our Syracuse sisters will be awake and ready to engage heartily in the good work.

We should be happy to meet our wise brothers in counsel, and join hands with them in their labors, and shall endeavor so to arrange matters at home that we may visit Syracuse on the occasion of this annual gathering.

A DEAR QUART OF WHISKEY!—The rum-seller who sold a quart of whiskey to some of our young boys, making them helplessly drunk, and nearly depriving them of life, has been compelled to pay twenty-five dollars for the same. Although this is but a tithe of the amount which justice claimed, yet it was all the law could demand.—Even at this rate rumsellers would think their whiskey cost them too dear to permit of their making large sales, if the law was only brought to bear upon them in every case where they can be proved guilty. But let the fathers of those boys, and all others, remember that the serpent is only slightly wounded, not killed; and that he will arise again in all his subtle power to complete, if possible, the ruin of as many victims as he can lure within reach of his poisonous breath. A vigilant watch must be kept, and a death-blow given, or parents have no surety that their sons will not be entwined in his destructive coils, and pierced through with his worse than an adder's tongue.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW has passed both houses of the Massachusetts Legislature and received the signature of the Governor. This law goes into effect in sixty days after its passage.

A similar law has also been passed in Rhode Island, Texas and Minnesota. New York's turn will come soon.

From the Water Cure Journal.

HINTS ON DRESS AND BEAUTY. By Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH. One Vol. 12mo. Price 25 Cents.—New-York and Boston, FOWLER and WELLS, publishers.

Of all the productions by this voluminous writer, we do not hesitate to pronounce the present, her last work, superior to any, or every other, with which we are acquainted. Decidedly superior in practical USEFULNESS, if not in a mere literary point of view.

In her preface she says:—

"The current of public opinion has been, for more than a year, tending to a reform in Dress, and hundreds of women confess to a desire for the Reform Costume, but have not the courage to assume it. I really do not see that anything very heroic is done by shortening the skirt a few inches—one would think the reverse, if drabbling in mud in rainy weather were the real test of heroism, presenting, as women thus do, an appearance utterly indelicate and unladylike. Women say they are 'squeamish' at being stared at; but this inconvenience is but temporary, as the experience of hundreds can testify. If one dress more than another be best adapted to my convenience or my purse, I really do not see that my neighbor has anything to do in the matter. I suspect this 'squeamishness,' (for I quote a word often used by those who are afraid to think for themselves,) is another way of indicating a wholesale imbecility of character, by which every woman thinks she must do precisely as every other woman has done, does, or is expected to do.

It is much to be regretted that women will 'wear the heart upon the sleeve for daws to peck at'—will wear the soul outside of the body, to be blown upon 'by every wind of doctrine,' rather than to be castled within, sure and steadfast, looking from the 'loop holes of retreat,' and judging for themselves. My neighbor's way of thinking or acting may be very well for her—it is her concern, not mine; but her way of thinking or acting will not do for me. She eats pork and sausages—I revolt from both; what then? am I to sit in judgment upon her, and call her to account for eating pork or sausages? Again, she may wear a man's hat, while I prefer a bonnet; she may wear false hair to conceal a change in the circulations, while I think the gray hair preferable; what then? shall we intermeddle, be impertinent, and render each other uncomfortable on these grounds? Certainly not. It is simply a difference in taste, culture, or opinion; involves nothing vital to either of us, and indeed concerns only ourselves individually; and if either of us were so sensitive to the opinions of the other as to change our habit except upon clear conviction, we must be irretrievably imbecile.

We must aim at the highest, the best, and in so doing we shall often need cast aside the old furnishing of both our minds and bodies, as things that have survived their use; and we should no more feel regret at doing this, than we do in casting off anything else that retards our way, or has ceased to be needful to us.

It is enough to say that this reform is slowly, but surely, making its way. For traveling, its benefits are so palpable that in time it will surely be the only dress recommended by economy, convenience, and good taste."

Looking at the subject of Dress, as we always have, in the light of physiology, we cannot but feel the immensity of its importance. It is conceded by Physicians, and well known to all sane and intelligent people, that our murderous fashions have brought more disease and suffering into the world, than almost any other form of sin. But let us hope that *Tight Lacing* will soon be looked upon as of the past, and regarded, as it really is at the present time, an unpardonable sin.

"Hints on Dress and Beauty," contain arguments unanswerable in favor of the Dress Reform. We can quote but a few paragraphs, referring the reader to the work itself, for a complete elucidation of the whole subject.

"By a national independence as to Fashion, each woman could devise what was best adapted to her peculiarities, while the simplicity of our reform dress would be adapted to all. A woman should never be old—never unlovely. I do not see why people should be sick, and stupid, and old, and unlovely and unloved. Every period of life is full of beauty, from that of the bread and butter girl, to the staid matron of seventy summers; and as for the other sex, who look so incongruous, dressing as they do, padded and tight-ended, how shallow is their aspect as they advance in life, compared with the godlike dignity of the Patriarchs in their flowing beards and oriental robes, unscathed by either tailor or barber.

Let us adopt a dress that shall be light, convenient, and easy of adjustment—one which a lady can put on without calling in her neighbors for help—one in which we can move freely, nor fear the dust nor the rain; in which we can work, if we will, without gathering up an acre of a skirt. We see what the Quakers have done by simple permanency, the drab and the broad brim having become a passport for respectability—but this dress, having been adopted at a period when severity and sanctity were the great aim, and not elegance of form or beauty of color, would be ill adapted to our present needs.

Let us have a simple Grecian jacket or sack, reaching below the knee, with pockets on each side, buttoning from the throat downward.—Trowsers of the same material for the street; the Turkish form seems most approved, but is less convenient I apprehend, and less becoming than the simple plain trowsers form. A small snug covering for the head, perhaps a gipsy hat, and boots such as are worn by ladies of rank in Russia, which can be put on without the trouble of lacing. This would be perfectly feminine, need not alarm the other sex with suspicion that we mean to usurp their prerogatives, and would be at once comfortable and inexpensive. Health, cleanliness, and beauty would be promoted by its adoption; whereas now we grow wrinkled, and fallow, and meagre from insufficient air and exercise, and by unnatural compressions. We should escape the bondage of so much drapery, and lift our hands to the zenith without endangering hooks and eyes. We could breathe freely, as great spirits need to breathe, for I believe a compressed bust is fatal to all magnanimous achievements. Napoleon could never have conquered empires cased in whalebone, nor Milton have written his *Paradise Lost* in a tight bodice.

A lady is such by the very construction of the bones and muscles, by the nerves of her body and the texture of her mind; she does not need the touch of the dress-maker nor the stamp of a coin to distinguish her as such. She does not need to flaunt her advantages abroad on the highway, she does not need to claim immunities because of her beauty even. Prettiness is so common that it ceases to please; while the deep sentiment of a higher manifestation is so subtle and so all-pervading, that no woman need be vain over even a large endowment. The red cheek and full outline of an Audrey finds a Touchstone to admire, and as it goes onward from grace of form to nobleness of feature, still onward to where the soul breathes in the face, and we feel ourselves nearest the Divine, in every stage there are beings prepared to recognize it, and to grow into love and worship.

Let us look the absurdities of the prevailing mode full in the face, and challenge a reform.—Let us look our mean ambition in the face, and grow more true to our humanity. Let us reject the cumbersome and the petty articles of dress that make us listless and uncomfortable, and fret our tempers and impair our beauty. Hooks and

eyes and pigmy buttons for especial torment. Let us discard them in heaps; they belittle and annoy us, and heaven knows we do not need the aid of such things in life to give us discomfort. If we must be martyrs, let us be so in a great cause, and not for tape and buttons."

After other elaborate and pointed remarks on invidious distinctions—Natural inferences of the Turkish women—Genius the patent of nobility—Full rich natures, &c., the volume is concluded with the following beautiful and eloquent language:—

Finally, by the attention to air and exercise which the new costume would not only admit but challenge, we might go on beautiful and attractive to the very close—softening gently from the girl into the woman—ripening, and reposing in the full, rich and harmonious being, from youth to mature life, and thence to the magnanimity of age. I see no need of decay and dotage, of unloveliness and neglect, but each sphere well filled; and each period beautiful in its completeness. As the purposes of this life recede from us, we should grow sublime in the opening halos of the eternal world, till we finally depart,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

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JANUARY, 1852.

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